THREE BELLS.

Come swell the strain, the proud refrain,
The signs of noble deeds;
How true men brave on ocean's wave,
Win fame's most worthy meeds!
And high to-day, in grateful lay,
'Mid music's witching spells,
Let every lip bless that good ship,
Brave Crighton's ship, Three Bells.

Chorus.—Oh, the good ship, Three Bells!
Oh, the good ship, Three Bells!
With her sturdy crew,
And her captain true,
That man the good Three Bells!

When storms came down with blackest frown,
And woke the ocean's wrath;
And one lost bark in tempest dark,
Lay in the mad wind's path,
Heav'n pleased to prove her human love,
In Albin bosom dwells,
Turn'd to that wreck, that death-swept deck,
Brave Crighton's ship, Three Bells.
Chorus.—Oh, the good ship, Three Bells, &c.

They worked by day, they worked alway,
As brave tars only do;
When from the wave they strive to save,
A sinking vessel's crew;
A shout rose high, "all saved!" they cry,
Hark how the pæan swells!
'Till earth's far bound rings with the sound,
"God bless the ship, Three Bells!"
Chorus.----Oh, the good ship Three Bells, &c.

H. DE MARSAN,
Songs, Ballads, toy books,
38 & 60 Chatham St. N. Y.

E. A. Sparks.

Border—*The Trapper.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by H. DE MARSAN,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THREE BELLS.